The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOLUME XXX NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 15, 1922 NUMBER 380

Contents

The Week 61

Editorials
- For Our Sins 64
- The Cycle of Reaction 66
- Labor in Politics 67

General Articles
- Hopes and Fears As Regards America, I ..... Bertrand Russell 70
- An American Transportation System, II ..... Edwin J. Clapp 72
- Night Thoughts in Paris: A Rhapsody ..... Edmund Wilson, Jr. 75
- Girls—And Then Some .. Florence Guy Woolston 77
- Back to Creation ..... Stark Young 80
- Somewhere A Lonely Bird ..... Joseph Auslander 81

Reviews of Books
- Daniel H. Burnham ..... A. D. Hamlin 81
- Five Books of Plays ..... S. Y. 83
- The Science of Phantasy ..... Katharine Anthony 84

The Week

AMONG the achievements of the Washington Conference the Four Power Treaty is, as the correspondents announce, the only one in grave danger of defeat. No doubt the announcement is true. The defeat of this particular treaty affords the opponents of Mr. Harding a plausible pretext and a desirable opportunity to damage the prestige of the administration, and if its defeat is accompanied by the ratification of the other agreements, as it would be, they will claim to have discriminated carefully and patriotically among the children of the Conference and to have rejected the one doubtful brother. Yet if it is rejected, they will have damaged something more important than the prestige of the Harding administration. They will have done what they can to destroy the political compensation for the abandonment of force in the adjustment of national policies in the Pacific which is implied by the limitation of naval armaments. Sooner or later one of two consequences will follow. Either something corresponding to the Four Power Treaty will be ratified or else the naval powers in the Pacific will resume competition in naval armaments. In any event as long as the naval agreement remains in existence, the executives of Japan, Great Britain, and the United States will have to act as if they were bound by the Four Power Treaty. They will have to consult one another before taking any action in the Far East which will result in political changes of any importance.

WHEN the opponents of the Four Power Treaty stigmatize it as an alliance, they are attributing to the word a meaning which it has never had. An alliance has usually implied an agreement among the allies to defend their territories against a third power and to lend each other diplomatic support within certain not very strictly defined limits. The Four Power Treaty does not commit the United States to either of these promises. In respect to certain island possessions of the contracting powers in the Pacific, it is a self-denying ordinance. It obligates the United States not to attack Japanese possessions. It obligates Japan not to attack the Philippine Islands, the Sandwich Islands and Australia. It is more of a self-denying ordinance for Japan than it is for the United States and Great Britain. Neither does it place the American government under the slightest obligation to be any more complacent in the future about Japanese policy in China and in Siberia than it has been in the past. It amounts to no more than a promise to confer; and this is precisely what the American government should and would do, no matter whether it promised to or not.

AS the New Republic has pointed out from the beginning, the omission of representatives of China from the Four Power agreement is a grave defect. It is a defect which will have to be remedied if there is to be created in the Far East a political consortium which will provide a substitute for armaments and war. American supporters of the Treaty have no more important task than to call attention to this omission in the Treaty. The

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events of the next few years are certain to demonstrate its importance. Both in China and Siberia there is profound and widespread popular resentment against Japanese policy on the continent of Asia. This resentment will in the not distant future obtain an expression which will become a matter for consultation among the four contracting powers; and when this emergency occurs the American government should insist on calling the Chinese or Siberian representatives into the conference on practically equal terms with the Japanese. If the present administration would only announce its intention of acting in this way the only valid objection to the Four Power Treaty would straightway disappear.

FINANCING the bonus by the certificate plan is the weakest and most objectionable proposal yet advanced. Such a plan would embarrass the banks more seriously, and impair the credit of the government in greater measure than any ordinary loan. At the same time it would be an unusually costly loan. The government would pay the comparatively high rate of four and one-half percent without getting the relief from untimely demands upon the treasury that would flow from a regular, long term loan. Nor would the certificates be worth as much to the beneficiaries as their face value in cash. What they need, so far as they really need a bonus, is ready money, not a long term investment in government bonds. The privilege of using the certificates as collateral for loans is only a partial remedy for the inconvenient form of the gratuity. Such a form of borrowing, which is expensive to the government, injurious to the banks and inconvenient to those for whom the loan is contracted, is more appropriate to a Balkan state than to the richest nation in the world.

FRENCH zeal for intervening in Russia is not by any means dead, if we can trust the Associated Press forecasts of the Russian program to be presented by French experts to the Genoa Conference. They will propose that instead of arranging for the resumption of trade with all Russia, the Allied powers shall confine their efforts to restoring production in limited areas, such as the Ukraine, the Caucasus oil region, the Archangel district and the Donetz basin. That is, establish foreign influence firmly in the periphery of Russia, where the power of Moscow is weakest. This is, of course, nothing but a revival of the old French project of carving Russia up into spheres of influence like those in China. No doubt England would be invited to make the Archangel district her own; France would claim the Ukraine, and the two powers would cooperate in the Caucasus and Donetz regions. It is a pretty plan, and lacks nothing but a foundation in present day facts to stand on. The Soviet government may be weak, but it is strong enough to withstand any such scheme for dismembering the Russian nation.

AFTER some weeks of perturbation it now looks as if Mr. Lloyd George had triumphed over the active discontent of the right wing of the Unionist party. The present government will probably remain intact and in power until after the general election which will in that event be postponed until next fall. The insurgent movement did not succeed in winning the support of the responsible leaders of the Unionist party, such as Winston Churchill, Birkenhead, Austen Chamberlain and Arthur Balfour; and in the absence of such support it was powerless to provide a substitute for the present Lloyd George Cabinet. The Prime Minister may have brought on the present crisis for the purpose of teaching this lesson to the Tory squires who were outraged by the complete repudiation which the Irish settlement involved of the traditional principles of the Unionist party. In protesting against this repudiation they find themselves deprived of responsible leaders and they are obliged to admit their own impotence. Mr. Lloyd George is likely to obtain a prolongation of power which will last until next fall at least. He will gain, that is, the opportunity of pulling off the Genoa Conference. The question is whether his position will be any stronger as a consequence of the delay in the election. Our guess is that the Genoa Conference will only repeat the failure of previous European assemblies and that Mr. Lloyd George will find himself in an even weaker position next fall than he is today.

AS a result of this abortive insurrection of the right wing of the Unionists the English party organization may move further than it already has in the direction of the multiplication of minor groups. The two party system has prevailed so long in British politics and has worked on the whole so successfully that the majority of observers have assumed the present government by coalition to be only an episode. Lord Grey's recent manifesto confidently advocated the return to two-party politics, but such a return seems out of the question unless Liberalism and Labor can unite; and at present there is no prospect of such a union. Lord Grey and Lord Robert Cecil are separated by smaller differences of conviction from Austen Chamberlain and Arthur Balfour than they are

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from the labor leaders. The labor party, that is, will probably become a left wing which will not be powerful enough to take over the government, but which will not unite with any other groups further to the right in order to form a government. The Tory squires may well become a right wing which like the laborites will not be numerous enough to form a government but which will be too well satisfied with their own conviction to coalesce regularly with other groups. In that case the existing coalition might develop into a government of the centre which would eventually include most of the former Liberals and the more moderate of the former conservatives. Indeed the chief obstacle to the formation of such a government after the next election would seem to be the active personal dislike and distrust which Mr. Lloyd George has inspired among many of his former Liberal associates.

THERE is a widespread belief that the United States has completely returned to China its share in the Boxer Indemnity Funds. Such is not the case. The House of Representatives has recently passed a bill to make the return complete. When the Senate acts favorably, there will be a sum of half a million of dollars available annually for about twenty years. While the bill nominally makes over the sum to China without qualifications, practically the Chinese government will act upon suggestions from our government as to its desirable use. The part previously turned back has been chiefly employed in fostering the preparatory instruction of students sent to this country for advanced collegiate work, and in paying their expenses while here. It appears highly desirable that any further sum be used for promoting education in China itself. Nothing will be gained by pouring the sum into the bottomless sink of general governmental finance. The greatest need in higher education in China at present is better and more libraries and laboratories. At the average rate of exchange, the new funds will amount to about a million a year in silver. This sum covering a period of years will build and equip libraries, museums and laboratories for all the higher national schools in China—universities, technical schools and teachers' colleges. There would doubtless be enough left over to train an expert personnel to care for the libraries and laboratories. The modernizing of China will be better furthered by supplying facilities in science and the field of history and literature than by any other method. China cannot advance industrially in a steady and healthy way on any other basis. It has been suggested that part of the money be used to establish industrial museums, doubtless with the aim of fostering commerce with the United States. The aim is legitimate, but the method puts the cart before the horse. Develop a modern scientific spirit and sufficient trained ability in China, and its industrial development will automatically go ahead. Fail to do so, and the growth of a commercial market in China will be slow, intermittent and one-sided. For the present, museums connected with higher schools will completely meet a demand which separate commercial museums would wastefully outrun.

THE American Institute of Mining Engineers convened recently; what great word did they speak to a nation facing a strike of coal miners? Out of the six hundred engineers present, twenty thought it worth while to attend the institute's Industrial Relations section; of the twenty nineteen were from metal mines, one was a coal mining engineer. The Industrial Relations section devoted two hours to the discussion of carbon monoxide poisoning (whether or not as a cure for industrial troubles, the record does not state). Not one pronouncement was issued to indicate even a suspicion by mining engineers that the way coal mines are managed may breed strikes. President Ludlow told the engineers that anyone going into coal mining now must be a "confirmed optimist." Back of his statement lie the facts of chronic overdevelopment, from 5,700 coal mines in 1914 to 11,000 in 1921. His jesting reference was to men who would risk money in mining; he said nothing about men, half a million of them, who risk their life work in mining and for the most part know no other trade. Their dividend on the risk for the last year seems to have been an average of less than three days' work a week, together with the demand for a thirty percent cut in wages for those three days.

ACCORDING to a statement published in the World by President Lewis of the United Mine Workers the average retail selling price of bituminous coal is $10.41, of which the mine labor cost is $1.97. If those figures are correct, the consumer has little to gain from the deflation of miners' wages. Suppose that the operators are successful in cutting wages twenty-five percent, the maximum reduction the consumer could get would be forty-nine cents a ton. But the operators are not going to put themselves to the trouble of conducting a labor war just for the sake of the public. They will keep part of that forty-nine cents for themselves, if not the whole of it. Say that they are generous enough to split fifty-fifty; the con-

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sumer will save twenty-four and a half cents on each ton of coal, while the miner, who now earns too little to live on decently, will be deprived of a quarter of his wages. If the operators can offer no better bait than that their case before the public is weak. And we suspect they cannot offer anything better, since they fail to give us, instead of vague talk about coal coming down, the facts and figures which would show how much it will come down.

IT is quite true, as Commissioner Chamberlain of the Shipping Board points out, that the greater part of our exports and imports have been carried by foreign vessels. It may be true that since the founding of the republic we have paid in freights something like twenty-eight billions to foreign ship owners and less than nine billions to our own. This is mere arithmetic. Mr. Chamberlain is dealing with something other than arithmetic when he says that "the foreign interests were enriched" to the amount of $28,292,949,118. That is economics, and such wretched economics as to cast grave doubt upon Mr. Chamberlain's fitness for a public position of grave business responsibility. Foreign interests are "enriched," like any other interests, not by their gross receipts but by their surplus above costs. We are not being enriched by the gross receipts of the enterprises conducted by the Shipping Board, but are being impoverished by the net losses the business is incurring. Nor shall we be enriched by the earnings of privately owned American ships, if those ships cannot cover their expenses without drawing upon the public treasury.

PRESIDENT HARDING'S arguments in favor of direct navigation subsidies are not likely to convince the Middle West that it is worth while to place an additional charge upon our over-burdened treasury in order to encourage the development of a service which, on the President's own showing, offers little prospect of ever standing on its own feet. Among the "indirect subsidies" which he recommends there is, however, one which seems to us to deserve careful examination. That is the amendment of the Interstate Commerce act permitting our railway companies to own and operate steamship lines engaged in the foreign trade. We commend to the attention of our readers the discussion of this question in Mr. Clapp's article on the Merchant Marine, published in this issue.

FRANCIS HACKETT has resigned from the editorial board of the New Republic.

For Our Sins

FOR millions of Americans, vexations and hardships gather darkly around the ides of March. Perfectly rational men have, of course, made all their arrangements, arithmetical, financial and psychological, months in advance. A happy tribe they are, these perfectly rational men, for this one day of the year. They are a vanishing minority, however. The rest of us find the day of reckoning dawning upon us with disagreeable suddenness. Let's see: what did we actually earn in the last twelve months, and what became of it? Are we sure that there are not trivial items lurking somewhere in our ill ordered books, which the omniscient tax gatherers may produce to our discomfiture? Or are they really so omniscient that we shall be obliged to put in everything, when there are so many special circumstances that offer strong moral reasons for unofficial deductions?

Perish the income tax, we pray fervently. But there is no efficacy in this kind of prayer. It may be that the end of the decade will see some of the rates reduced. There is no very good ground for being confident of that, however. What headway are we making toward reducing the public expenditures that make the income tax a fiscal necessity? We shall save money on the army and navy, perhaps. But we shall do very little toward reducing the principal of the public debt, our most remorseless tax devourer. In a decade our population will be greater by one-fourth, but that does not assure us of an increase of twenty-five percent in taxable incomes, to divide the burden. Indeed, when the present depression is over we may anticipate great activity in the social forces which press for a redistribution of income, taking from the taxable categories and adding to the exempt categories. We may anticipate new demands upon the public treasury, of which the bonus is only a foretaste. May we not, however, be able to roll a part of the burden upon the shoulders of the masses of the people through indirect taxation? It isn't likely. The income tax payers are a minority. They are heavily concentrated in a few states, like New York. The majority is in no mood, at present, to relieve them at its own expense. We see no reason for thinking that it will exhibit a more complaisant attitude in the future.

We must pay, pay, pay as long as we live. Our sons must pay, and our sons' sons. Even unto the third generation we must pay. As if for our sins. Such long drawn, remorseless punishment is seldom in nature visited upon sins of hot blood and brutal commission, but upon cheap, lazy sins of thoughtlessness and omission. Is it even so

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with the income tax? Let us try to see it so if we can. There may not be great comfort in fitting the income tax into the cosmic ethical scheme, but great comfort or small, it is all we shall get.

Let us begin by dividing society into three groups, those who willed the war, those who did not will it but could have made it impossible, if they had willed to do so, and those who could have done nothing, even if they had tried. In the first group we may place all the traditional exploiters of nationalism: diplomats, admirals and generals, journalists and pamphleteers and professors who see their own prestige advanced by aggressive national policies. We may place there the captains of the armament industries and the seekers for foreign concessions, to be defended by their governments against all others. We may also place there the exporters who strive for monopoly of foreign markets through cut throat competitive policies, and the ocean shipping concerns that cannot get rid of the idea that commerce is war. In these categories we shall find practically everybody who worked actively toward bringing about a situation that could be resolved only by war. These were the active war criminals. And a great part of them have come out of it with fortunes and prestige enlarged. They fall mostly in the class of income tax payers, and so are punished, but not in the measure of their offence.

The second group contains the vastly larger number whose immediate interests and inclinations did not lead them toward war, but who did nothing to prevent it, although they could have done so. This was the general body of middle class business and professional men. These were the people who yawned whenever they thought of the Hague peace movement, and sapiently pronounced Norman Angell an unbalanced idealist without ever taking the pains to discover what his arguments actually were. These were the people who fell back on facile generalizations about human nature, in order to shirk the labor of acquainting themselves with the actual methods by which a scheming minority pursues its own advantage at the expense, if necessary, of millions of lives and universal impoverishment. And these are the people who are at present paying the income tax, and will continue to pay it, even unto the third generation.

The third group, making up the great majority, did little to prevent war, but were unable to do more. This is the small-income group, which pays no income taxes in America and comparatively low rates in other countries. It contains the great mass of laborers, skilled and unskilled, and the small farmers. They were, in most countries, active opponents of militarism. In Germany, in France, in Italy, they threw whatever political power they possessed against the policies that were working toward war in the decade of peace ending in 1914. Nowhere were they ranged on the side of militarism until the war makers were in a position to present the alternatives of support of the war or open sedition.

Those who, by their sins of commission or omission, made the war are to be found in the class that is paying the income tax. Those who do not share the responsibility for the war are for the most part outside of the class that pays income tax.

But this is to heap unjust accusations upon iniquitious injury, some harassed income tax payer will exclaim. Was it not the Kaiser who made this war I am paying for? Or if not the Kaiser alone, then the Kaiser and Ludendorff, Count Tisza and Sazonov, Poincaré and Winston Churchill? Well, you and your kind in Germany, Austria, Russia, France and England, stood by complacently while those gentry openly marshalled their forces for a world war. You knew nothing about it? You would have, if you had given half the attention to international affairs that you gave to sporting or society affairs.

But suppose that I had known what was going on, what could I have done about it? If Hearst chooses to come out for a holy war on Japan, what can I do? Nothing. And if Hearst succeeds in such an enterprise and we are forced into a lingering war which takes another quarter of my income, how can it be fairly said that this will amount to just punishment for my sins?

The group who pay the income taxes have already shown what they can do when they are really aroused to do anything. When a handful of radicals proclaimed war upon private property, did the middle class public merely yawn and talk vaguely about human nature? No indeed; they plastered the statute books, federal and state, with sedition laws; they suppressed radical journals; they prohibited radical demonstrations; they threw men into jail for long terms, often on the flimsiest charges; they even winked at mob violence. Suppose Hearst came out for the Soviet Republic of America, and a dictatorship of the self-conscious proletariat—what then? Would the middle class find itself helpless to curb him? Powerful as he is, he would find the envenomed hostility of the middle class a force capable of destroying him.

The socialism and anarchism of pre-war days, which the middle class labored so earnestly to suppress, were indeed a menace to property. How

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grave a menace they were is shown clearly by their exploits in Russia. But the militarism which the middle class accepted complacently was a far greater menace to property and life. Where Bolshevism destroyed its billions, militarism destroyed its tens of billions. Where Bolshevism killed thousands, militarism killed hundreds of thousands. Bolshevism is still a menace, no doubt, but the middle class is mobilized to combat it. Militarism is by no means dead. If the middle class is as complacent about it through the next generation as it was through the last, we may look forward, in twenty-five or thirty years, to another world war, coming to complete the destruction of the last.

But will the middle class be so blind? There is a missionary of peace that will preach to every member of the class, every year, through a generation. That is the income tax. And the propaganda of the income tax will not be confined to America, where it is perhaps least needed, but will be conducted with even greater vigor in England, France, Germany, Italy. The war makers will find it hard to arouse enthusiasm for another adventure in world domination.

The income tax is a thistle. It lacerates one even to think of it. But to the wise it yields figs.

The Cycle of Reaction

IT is usually true that history teaches nothing. This, however, is because history lacks apt and attentive pupils, not because history has nothing to teach. Just at the moment when men most need to learn from history they are most preoccupied with the immediate present. The more absorbing an emergency the more we are engulfed in it; as we sink, we take history with us shut up in a sealed purse tucked away in our most inaccessible pocket. Or if we cast a glance backward, we are moved by the hopes and fears of the present situation, and hence are sure the present is so unique that the past supplies no precedent and affords no instruction.

There is little use in denying that liberals succumbed to this hallucination during the war. Many who still hold that under the circumstances there was nothing else for us except to go in, freely admit that we should never have fooled ourselves into thinking that by entering we could give a decisive liberal turn to events. For if history teaches anything, it teaches that every war is followed by a period of reactionary dominion. There is no great mystery about this fact; there is no magic force in any past occurrence which sets it to operating over again. Similar causes exist and they act in like ways.

The chief causes lie near the surface. Overstrain produces fatigue, fatigue revulsion. The moment pressure and pull let up, overstretched human nature snaps back. It wants diversion, anything but to have to think, to hold attention. Reactionary forces in order to work require only the manipulatory conspiring planning of a few. But it is the essence of liberalism to demand a widespread public attention. The pick-pocket operates most easily in the confusion of an aimless disturbed crowd. The confusion of ideas and conditions that follows war enables the reactionaries to filch from the public its liberal beliefs.

It is even easy to save the trouble of cutting throats or inserting hands by stealth. "Conservatives" have only to open a bank and promise security. Then multitudes rush to entrust their valuables, their intangible valuables of intelligence and aspiration, to a promised place of safety. For the state of war does not cease when war ceases. The disturbance of wont and usage, the unsettlement of established habits of life, the displacements of industries and populations, persist. Until stability of life is reattained, the war emotions cannot return to normal. Insecurity, actual and threatened, precarious employment, uncertainty in finance, taxation and politics, are the characteristics of every after-war period. Insecurity is the chemical compound on which the reactionary thrives while the liberal is poisoned. A few become revolutionaries, but the mass want a haven of safety. Evidences of revolutionary activity only accelerate the speed with which they rush to such security as is proffered them. Mr. Gary and his kin automatically become supreme by force of the stampede for safety. If they do not offer themselves, they are invented.

Reactionary movements, like others, run their course and have their cycles. Their first obvious effect is economic. The promisers of security are the hundred-percent-patriots, and to question their authority is to prove traitorous to one's beloved country. A new form of sedition appears which is hunted down none the less strenuously because it has no legal status. It consists in a suggestion of any imperfection in the established order of things, in a lack of eagerness to uphold it as the best of all possible orders. The more it is tottering in fact, the more loudly we must proclaim its established character. Otherwise, the miracle of Jericho might be reversed, and the walls tumble in collapse because of failure of acclaiming horns. So the pillars of society tune up and the rest of

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mankind scrambles to join the holy anthem in praise of things as they are. On the outskirts the jazzers play the same tune in another key.

The wave spreads from the economic centre. It shows itself in political action. "Return" is the only plank in a political platform which is really called for; the rest are mere carpeting to dull its creakings and groanings as the load gets too heavy for it. Return to our forefathers, to the divinely inspired Constitution, to the myths of our ancient historical text-books—to anything as long as reaction can be labelled Return. Above all, of course, Return to Normalcy. Normalcy can readily be defined if any sceptic dares to ask for its meaning. Normalcy is whatever you return to, provided the return is announced with sufficient emphasis. Return also from Europe, of course, return so far that not only entangling alliances are cut but all moral and economic bonds are frayed to pieces. (Yet that return may be carried too far; our national security holders and protectors are already peering out from the steel vaults, and warning us that the return to George Washington and Thomas Jefferson may be taken too literally.)

The momentum of reaction has at last reached the outside circle; it is completing its natural cycle. It is affecting religious and moral beliefs. In going back, let us not stop till we get to Genesis, and to Adam and Eve in the Garden, and then back to Jehovah and the six days of labor and one day of rest. The more modern our acts, the further back must we go for our alleged beliefs. Skirts may be worn shorter, but faces, especially those of professional guardians of law and order, may be worn enough longer to compensate. Thus care for the safety of antiquity is passing from the hands of captain of industry and statesman over to the Klu Klux Klan. Resolution to maintain unchanged the beliefs of our ancestors is becoming democratized. You cannot keep a good thing shut up; let us all have a hand in the good work. Thus, alas, decline sets in. The pompous solemnities of the Lusk law fall off to the attempts of Kentucky legislators to regulate the teachings of science, and college presidents who welcome the former, send messages of ridicule for the latter, although the road is straight from the one to the other. The serious business of ejecting economic heretics from the New York public schools is caricatured by moves to eliminate innocuous clergymen from southern colleges. The backward common people, lacking light and culture as well as large pocketbooks, are taking up the cause of Return to the Old. The cause is getting compromised.

We cannot laugh, at least out loud, yet. There is often more than one step to be taken in the descent from the sublime to the ridiculous. We shall still for a time rehearse our sublime faith in the mysteries of that economic creed which asserts that the more an institution is shot to pieces, the surer it is that it was established once for all. We shall go on mumbling the article of the political creed which declares the great mystery that the way to preserve freedom is to hand it over to professional Safety-Firsters to take care of for us. We have not as yet reached the ridiculous. But we are on our way. History teaches something about the destiny of reactionary movements as well as about the part of war in evoking them. We cannot laugh yet. But a smile is beginning on the faces of the more adventurous.

Labor in Politics

SEVERAL weeks ago well-known representatives of several different groups among the workers of America assembled in Chicago to discuss the best means of enabling the wage-earners as a class to increase their influence upon the conduct of American government. With the decision which the conference reached to form a new bloc within the old parties, we shall deal at another time, but here we wish to appeal for a more attentive and disinterested consideration of the grievances of the class in the community whose political needs this gathering was supposed to represent. The average intelligent American who is not himself a wage-earner, instinctively disapproves of any attempt to organize the exercise of political power by one class and presumably for the benefit of one class. The speeches which he hears and the editorials which he reads assume the voter to be a public official who is under a solemn obligation in casting his ballot to consider only the interest of the whole community. They condemn in the light of this doctrine anything like a group political organization as a conspiracy against the integrity of American political life.

But before they accept the doctrine of these speeches and editorials at its face value they should place themselves for a moment in the wage-earners' point of view and ask themselves in what way, save by the use of his votes, he can obtain a fair hearing for his class interests. The American government in the sense of the whole executive, legislative and judicial machine is theoretically supposed to represent a dominant public interest superior to any class; but those who accept this theory have never seriously claimed that the existing

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body of law works equally and automatically in favor of all classes. They admit the need of legislative readjustment for the purpose of diminishing the privileges which certain groups have come to enjoy under the law or of improving the opportunities of other groups who are suffering from adverse discrimination. The statute books overflow with laws which were either designed like the protective tariff or the Homestead act to subsidize one economic group because of the service it was supposed to render to the community or else like the Interstate Commerce act to regulate an economic group whose behavior under the existing law was considered harmful to the community. What the spokesmen for the wage earners contend is that the general tendency of recent governmental action has been either to favor other groups at their expense or to ignore their own equally valid claims for redress. If this is so what remedy have they under the American political system except group political action?

Consider, for instance, the comparatively recent acts of different branches of the American government which have set up new discriminations in favor of politically aggressive groups of business men and property owners. The farmers, for instance are being exempted from the prohibitions of the anti-trust law by the marketing bill. The exporters are permitted to combine by the Edge act and the railroads by the Transportation act. In the Steel Trust and the United Shoe Machinery cases the Supreme Court has legalized a degree of combination and a potential control over prices which a generation ago American public opinion would have condemned as intolerable. Equally notorious is the legislation which Congress has recently passed either to exempt powerful economic groups from war burdens or to alleviate the grievances of other economic groups. The railroad investors have obtained an indirect guarantee by the government of six percent on the estimated value of their property. The millionaires have had their surtaxes reduced. Business is relieved of the excess profits tax. The War Finance and Farm Boards are created to help the farmers through their period of distress. Finally the demand for compensation by one powerful group of voters for economic losses suffered during and since the war is being pushed to the limit in spite of its manifest public undesirability.

In the meantime how has the wage-earner fared? If he is organized he finds himself confronted by a series of court decisions which have placed embarrassing and in some states disastrous limitations upon the effectiveness of his one non-political weapon—the strike. If he proposes to strike in any industry which is considered to be a public service, he is threatened with arrest and his union funds are sequestrated; and this is done irrespective of the merits of his controversy with his employer. The government when it decides to cease the building of war ships carefully and properly safeguards the owners of ship-yards which are operating under government contracts against loss, but no one proposes to compensate the thousands of workmen who are thrown out of employment by the same decision and who may during a period of business depression suffer serious economic setbacks. During the whole period of liquidation in which wages have gone down faster than retail prices, and unemployment has consumed the savings and lowered the standard of living of hundreds of thousands of wage-earning families, the politicians have ignored the plight of the wage-earner. Congressmen who would become hysterical with indignation because a factory was shut down and a few hundred men disemployed as the result of foreign competition regard the unemployment of a few millions during a period of business liquidation with utter indifference. The recent debate in the Senate on Mr. Kenyon's bill to counteract unemployment by an increased expenditure on public works which was described by its author as the "only proposition before Congress at this session to do anything for labor" is conclusive in this respect. It betrayed an attitude of fatalistic complacency by the Senators towards the existing distress of the wage-earning class.

The forced unemployment of men and women who are eager and able to work is a palpable and inexcusable evil. It is an evil which cannot be cured except by the cooperative action of different economic and political agencies. The unemployed are admittedly helpless. As long as they remain unemployed, they are forced by the community to bear a loss for which the community itself is properly responsible. Conscientious employers can do something to diminish the evil by unemployment insurance or other analogous plans, but the better employers would go under if they tried to carry the burden alone. They need assistance from the commonwealth. The state alone can arrange for the absorption of the shock by the whole community and plan the necessary measures for averting it and getting a new start. It is the clear obligation of any government which acknowledges, as the American government always has acknowledged, some responsibility for the economic welfare of its citizens to adopt methods of eradicating or mitigating involuntary unemployment. The threat and the consequences of such unemployment

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form an insuperable obstacle to the creation of a contented, prosperous, independent and loyal body of wage-earning citizens.

Yet the American political and economic machine, as it now operates, not only does not adopt the necessary plans but does not even consider them. Mr. Hoover did, indeed, make a gallant attempt to step into the breach, but the proposals of his unemployment conference called for an amount of cooperation and public spirit among separate and independent economic and political agencies in this country which the Secretary and his committee were incapable of calling out. The party politicians who run the American government not only ignored their recommendations, but as the debate on Senator Kenyon's bill proved, actually resented their interference.

Again, we ask, under such circumstances what redress have the wage-earners consistent with the spirit of American democratic institutions except to try and elect to Congress representatives who will consider their needs and seek to remedy their grievances? Doubtless such separate class political organization would not be necessary if the party leadership acted from public spirited and enlightened motives, but we all know that, public opinion being what it is, the political parties act only when prompted by some form of compulsion. Indeed the average intelligent American citizen who is so likely to condemn without a hearing any attempt on labor's part to exercise group political power would in some other connection behave as if the one argument which party politicians do not ignore were votes. These political realists have during the past thirty years acquired a contempt for the possible power of labor in politics. They know how easily distracted and controlled the wage earning vote is. It is easily distracted because so many of the wage-earners belong to foreign language groups and are politically uneducated. It is easily controlled because when they are organized and conscious, many of their local leaders are either ignorant, violent or purchasable. For these reasons the party machine except on rare occasions feels itself safe in ignoring the labor vote even in those districts which are populated chiefly by the wage-earning families.

Instead of disparaging the attempt on the part of the wage-earners to exercise political power, a wise American conservative should welcome and encourage it. Modern industrial nations are entering on a prolonged period of economic dislocation which will bring with it a contest among the different classes to avoid being loaded with an excessively heavy share of the consequent loss. The wage-earners, being economically the weakest class with a low standard of living, will almost certainly have to put up, at least for a while, with an even smaller margin over bare subsistence than they have enjoyed in the past. They are likely under such conditions to become as irreconcilably opposed to the existing conduct of industry as are the majority of wage-earners in Great Britain and on the European continent. But their inevitable discontent will obtain a much more wholesome expression through politics than through direct action or anti-political agitation. If they were organized politically and could comfort themselves with a fair prospect of persuading the politicians to consider legislative remedies for their grievances, their discontent would obtain a comparatively safe and a thoroughly democratic outlet. The conduct of industry and of society would, indeed, have to reckon with their interests more solicitously than it does at present, but if the American commonwealth is to remain a democracy it is fantastic to expect that wage-earners who possess both votes and political intelligence will allow the government to continue its present disregard of their interests and needs. Should they ever attain class consciousness their effective organization for political purposes would enormously increase the reality of American politics. It would help to adapt the balance of power in American politics to the future balance of social forces in American life. It would have the desirable effect of keeping the discontented groups among the American people from abandoning in despair political remedies, and it would rescue the contests between American parties from their existing tendency to dodge or pervert the issues which economic and social changes are rendering more than ever vital.

The New
REPUBLIC
A Journal of Opinion

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1922, IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA BY THE REPUBLIC PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC., 421 WEST TWENTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y. HERBERT CROLY, PRESIDENT; ROBERT HALLOWELL, TREASURER; DANIEL MEBANE, CIRCULATION MANAGER.

EDITORS
HERBERT CROLY PHILIP LITTELL
ALVIN JOHNSON ROBERT MORSS LOVETT
STARK YOUNG
ROBERT LITTELL, Assistant Editor

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION FIFTY-TWO ISSUES, FIVE DOLLARS IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPIES FIFTEEN CENTS. CANADIAN SUBSCRIPTION FIVE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. FOREIGN SUBSCRIPTIONS, FOR COUNTRIES IN THE POSTAL UNION, SIX DOLLARS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE; REMITTANCE TO BE MADE BY INTERNATIONAL POSTAL MONEY ORDER.

ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER, NOVEMBER 6, 1914, AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879.

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Hopes and Fears As Regards America

I

APART from the Russian Revolution, the most striking result of the war has been the world supremacy of the United States. While England and Germany fought for hegemony, America, almost by accident, acquired it. For some time after the war, there was reason to fear that the British government might not recognize the inevitable, but might endeavor, by means of the Anglo-Japanese alliance, to retain command of the seas. Happily this danger is at an end. The Washington Conference has shown our government, for the first time since the days of Cromwell, quietly accepting a position of naval equality with another power. Although on paper there is equality, in fact there is overwhelming superiority on the side of America, chiefly because of (1) our dependence upon overseas trade; (2) Canada; (3) the greater financial strength of America; (4) the Panama Canal. Our government will therefore do all in its power to remain on good terms with the United States. To this end we have already accepted the naval ratio, abandoned the Anglo-Japanese alliance, and granted freedom to Ireland; and it may be assumed that for a long time to come our policy will be in harmony with that of Washington.

As the British Empire possesses the one thing lacking to America as a world power, namely naval bases and coaling stations in all parts of the eastern hemisphere, the combination of the two will be irresistible unless and until the whole of Asia, including Russia, unites against them. In the combination, America will be the dominant partner. Therefore the hopes and fears of the world, probably for the next fifty years at least, depend upon the use which America makes of her vast power.

There are in this situation immense possibilities for good, but also immense dangers. The dangers will not be avoided unless Americans become conscious of them. So far, many American radicals seem to me insufficiently aware of the dangers lurking in national self-esteem—dangers which European radicals have had forcibly brought home to them by the outcome of the war. I wish, if I can do so without offence, to suggest that the disillusioning experiences which we in Europe have undergone are likely to be repeated for those who expect America to pursue idealistic ends, unless they become more critically minded towards their government and their financiers.

I wish first of all to say that I regard America as definitely better, in international affairs, than any other Great Power. The crimes of Versailles were crimes of the Old World, not of the New. America made no secret treaties, and in fact had cut herself off from the possibility of making any by the constitutional powers of the Senate. America alone has stood for the independence and integrity of China. At Washington, America made a sincere attempt to diminish the expense of naval armaments, which might have had even more success but for the secret understanding between France and Japan. America showed, after the war, a complete absence of that hunger for territory which distinguished all the other victors. These are very great moral assets, and they make me, in common with most European radicals, feel that, if any one power is to be supreme in the world, it is fortunate for the world that America should be that one.

Having stated these excellences, I am compelled, nevertheless, to notice certain facts and tendencies which make me less hopeful of the future than many American radicals. If I could bring them to share my fears, my fears would be much diminished, but it is their optimism which I find one of the most disquieting features of the situation.

European radicals, since the war, differ from those of America chiefly in two respects, first, that they are more disillusioned, and secondly, that they are more socialistic. Their disillusionment and their socialism are often connected as cause and effect. They are aware that they were taken in by noble professions, and that their support was used to increase the strength of hypocritical scoundrels. They remember their many friends who were lured to death on the battlefield by the lies and trickery of statesmen who battened on the blood of Europe. From this personal experience, with the backward light which it sheds on history, it is natural to conclude that, except by some rare accident, only knaves can succeed in politics. But this is not the final outcome of reflection on war hypocrisy. The final outcome, so far as I am concerned, is a Spinozistic moral philosophy. To apply moral terms to human beings—to call them knaves or scoundrels or what not—is unscientific, expressing only our own ignorant surprise at what we should have foreseen if we had been a little wiser. "Each thing," says Spinoza, "in so far as it is in itself, endeavors to persevere in its being." (Ethics, III, 6.) It follows that a politician will try to stay in office. One might as well blame the earth

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for sticking to its orbit though other parts of the universe would be more agreeable to us.

If men are, by their very nature, egoistic, various conclusions follow. The first is that, where this view is not accepted, men will be driven to hypocrisy by the desire to retain the respect of their fellows. In England and America, where it is still believed that quite a number of people are altruistic, it is safe to say that every public man would lose his political influence if the truth were known about him. Hence politics become surrounded by an atmosphere of deceit and hocus-pocus. Even in the height of party strife, politicians usually refrain from accusing each other of those crimes which are necessary for the agreeableness of the profession, such as dining while important matters are being debated; yet when the public does hear of these things it is shocked, because it has a sentimental and unreal view of its representatives. The public thus makes it almost as difficult for a politician to be an honest man as for a parson. Driven into lying by the ridiculous expectations of his supporters, the unfortunate statesman soon acquires the habit of regarding the world at large as fools whom it is his business to deceive. This is especially the case in democratic countries. It is useless to object to hypocrisy in politics while we continue to hound out all who are not hypocrites.

The second conclusion to be drawn from the natural egoism of man is that when nations act "well," i. e. for the good of the world, that is because their self-interest happens to coincide with the interest of mankind. It is probable that they will themselves believe that they are acting from altruistic motives; but all students of psychoanalysis know what amazing self-deception takes place below the level of consciousness. There is an easy practical test: do these people who believe themselves to be altruistic continue to pursue the interests of the world at large when such interests clash with their own? I am afraid it is only very rarely that experience provides an affirmative answer to this question. If, then, we wish to create a world where people will act "well," we must create a polity in which the interest of the individual man or nation is as often as possible in harmony with the general interest.

This brings me to socialism. The American Commonwealth is built upon the belief—which is shared, apparently, by a great majority among the radicals—that the ideal polity is a combination of political democracy with economic autocracy. The theory of the virtuous despot was rejected, as regards politics, in 1776, and I do not think the men of that day would have accepted it in economics. But now-a-days men are sent to prison for putting an extract from the Constitution (without comment) on a banner, and carrying it through the streets. In fact, the opinions of the Founders have become as inconvenient in America as the opinions of Christ have been found in all Christian countries since the time of Constantine. When the Standard Oil Company was still young, it was possible to publish such books as Lloyd's Wealth against Commonwealth. But now-a-days the very men who applauded that book when it appeared will expatiate on the virtues of Mr. Rockefeller as displayed in his generous benefactions to universities and research, as a result of which a very large proportion of the intellect of America is directly or indirectly in his pay. The theory that economic despotism is desirable, and that American economic despots would never use their power against the public interest, appears to have been finally established as a result of the White Terror during and after the war. But European radicals believe that economic democracy is as important as democracy in politics. And they do not believe that a country like America, which concentrates enormous financial power in very few hands, can be trusted to act for the good of mankind except when such action furthers the interests of high finance.

I have referred to Spinoza to show that the view which I am advocating is neither cynical nor novel. The view is that men's purposes, in fact, though often without their own knowledge, are egoistic—not quite invariably, but so preponderantly that the exceptions do not count in dealing with large numbers, as in politics. The belief that this is not so is the cause of hypocrisy, of moral indignation, and also of the theory that a benevolent despotism is possible. If men, with few and rare exceptions, are egoistic, the only way of securing justice is by democracy, since a despot will almost always seek his own advantage. But if democracy is to be effective, it requires two extensions beyond the present American practice. The first of these I have already touched upon: economic power is now at least as important as political power, owing to the growth of vast industrial organizations; therefore democracy must be extended to economics, which can only be done by socialism. The second point is that democracy will not be genuinely established until it is international, which requires some sacrifice of sovereignty on the part of separate states. Until there is international government, strong states can bully weak ones, and will do so whenever it is to their interest. To this rule I see no reason to admit exceptions.

The moral drawn by Americans from the war and its outcome is different. They have concluded that the western hemisphere is virtuous and the

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eastern hemisphere is wicked. They are hesitating whether to embark upon the government of the eastern hemisphere for its own good, or to leave it to suffer the consequences of its crimes. Owing to their failure to recognize the fundamental part played by economic power in the modern world, they will probably think they are deciding to let the Old World alone, when they will be in fact undertaking to govern it through finance. Whatever they may nominally decide, their desire to invest capital abroad is too strong for them to let us alone, and I should be the last to suggest that we deserve to be let alone. But so long as self-righteousness and an antiquated morality of disapproval govern the American outlook, self-deception will be easy and tyranny inevitable.

In a second article, I propose to give concrete illustrations of the danger that American finance may impose a new tyranny upon the world.

BERTRAND RUSSELL.

An American Transportation System

II. Merchant Marines

IF I in Danbury, Connecticut, want to sell a half car-load of goods to you in San Antonio, Texas, the procedure is simple. I know my factory costs. A railroad tariff in my files tells me the railroad rates. The factory cost and rail rates together make the price I can quote you for goods delivered in San Antonio. I know that this rail rate will not be changed for a considerable period and that it is the same as will be paid by all my competitors on the Atlantic seaboard. That is system.

The cheapest rate and quickest service to San Antonio will be via the water route from New York to Galveston. The New Haven Railroad will carry my goods to New York and there have them trucked to a Southern Pacific or Mallory Line steamer, which will carry them to the Gulf port and there trans-ship to a railroad car for destination. All these operations do not concern me, or cost me anything. I get a through bill-of-lading to San Antonio, the railroads assuming the obligation of all transfers and of making undamaged delivery at destination, just as if the shipment had moved through by rail. All this is system. The shipment involves the use of the ocean for a journey of nearly 2,000 miles, but the ocean carrier is used as part of a transportation system.

Observe the very different situation that arises if I in Danbury want to sell and deliver to you in Buenos Aires. No tariff exists whereby I can know the transportation cost to the Argentine. A railroad tariff tells me the cost of delivering to a freight station in New York, but that is all. The ocean rate I must ascertain from a steamship agent in New York. It will probably pay me to engage a forwarder in New York to shop around for the best ocean rates. My estimate of the cost of delivery in Buenos Aires is compiled from that ocean rate quotation, the rail rate and the forwarder's quotation for teaming from freight station to steamship pier. Usually the forwarder will also present me with a bill for making out Argentinian consular papers, compiling a Shippers Export Declaration for our own government, preparing steamship bills-of-lading, taking out a marine insurance policy for the shipment, and arranging with the New York bank for my draft on a foreign buyer. Even when I receive an ocean rate quotation, I do not know that it is the same as the rate to be quoted next week. It is not improbable that a lower rate is now being quoted to my competitor. All this comes far from representing the works of a transportation system, and this is said with due regard for the necessary differences between domestic and foreign traffic.

We are learning that the paths of export trade cannot be smoothed merely by the provision of a merchant marine. We have spent over a billion dollars for ships and face the prospect of seeing them forced off the seas or into foreign hands. Their one salvation lies in a coordination of them with our land routes into an American Transportation System.

In 1914 we had 2,000,000 gross register tons of ocean-going steamers; Germany had 5,100,000 and England had 18,900,000 tons. A half dozen small nations were about equal with us. In 1921 our tonnage was 13,600,000, England's 19,300,000, Japan's 3,400,000. Other countries were quite out of the running.

Nearly all of our increase was due to construction by the Shipping Board. Except for tank steamers, by far the larger part of our vessels are still in the hands of the Shipping Board. Its declared policy for three years has been to dispose of them to American buyers as rapidly as possible. The policy has been impossible of realization, although the Board has tried to drop its prices as fast as the slump in the value of shipping. Its vessels cost $150-200 per ton. Ship sales are being made in England today at $25-35 per ton.

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The American ship owners cannot afford to pay more than gift prices for the Shipping Board vessels because of the high cost of operating them. A vessel under the American flag must obey our navigation laws. They impose higher working costs than prevail under foreign flags. The American ship must be officered by Americans, whose salaries are far above the international level. The crew must be housed and fed more expensively than on foreign vessels. American requirements as to measurement for registration and as to annual boiler inspection, are burdensome. Above all the American wage scale on land affects wages of *all* crews shipped here whether they be Americans or foreigners. English and German lines, of course, ship their crews at home and pay them on their domestic wage scale.

However desirable this American wage scale may be from the social standpoint, it kills American shipping. The English, German, Japanese, Norwegian and American lines, in the keen competition on the ocean, take identical rates. The American operating cost is inescapably in excess of the others. Where the others earn a normal profit, the American vessels earn nothing or a deficit. So private owners are not buying Shipping Board vessels. Most of them that are not laid up are run for the Board by operating agents who get a percentage of the freight receipts and turn over to the Board the voyage profit or—usually—the deficit.

Shipping men claim that the American flag will disappear from the ocean unless there is offered to ship operators a subsidy that will meet the working deficit inevitable under our flag. Congress has repeatedly shown that it will not give a shipping subsidy. To be sure, it has legislated substitutes for that subsidy, such as the authorization of special rail rates for exports in American bottoms, and reduced custom duties for American-borne imports. But it has not proven practicable or wise to enforce these measures.

The prospect for the American merchant marine is not bright. Before despairing, however, we should give consideration to one possibility not yet discussed. There are potential American ship owners capable of so concentrating upon themselves the export traffic of the country that this concentration in itself would serve as a subsidy to offset their higher operating costs. These potential ship owners are the American railroads. What they have done individually in the building of rail-owned water lines in our coastwise traffic is only an indication of what they could do cooperatively in the establishment of joint lines in oversea trade.

It is no accident that the finest vessels and the finest services in our coastwise traffic are the lines by which railroads extend themselves from terminals at tidewater to a desired destination. Thus the Central Railroad of Georgia extends itself from Savannah to New York and Boston by means of the Ocean Steamship Company of Savannah. The Seaboard Air Line extends itself from Norfolk to Baltimore by means of the Old Bay Line. In the same way the Southern and Atlantic Coast Line Railroads operate jointly the Chesapeake Bay Line from Norfolk to Baltimore. The New Haven Railroad delivers most of its Manhattan freight by the so-called Sound lines. The Southern Pacific is our only true transcontinental railroad. Its rails run from San Francisco to Galveston and New Orleans. The railroad's Atlantic Steamship Lines continue it from Galveston and New Orleans to New York. The Southern Pacific has a water line from New Orleans to Havana. American and Canadian transcontinental lines terminating on the Pacific Coast have extended themselves north and south along the coast by steamship lines.

The railroad's control of traffic gives its water line and water line extensions an advantage over any "independent" steamship company. The railroad steamship company need maintain no soliciting force in the interior. Every railroad agent is a steamship agent as well. The "independent" line, having no control over interior traffic, is more dependent upon port-to-port business. Other things being equal, the interior shipper lets the railroad carry his traffic all the way; that means to the end of its steamship line. Single ownership of both rail and water carriers helps the shipper in tracing delayed shipments and collecting claims. For him to ship via an independent water line would be to short-haul the road whose goodwill he desires.

There is no reason why the same principle of extending railroads by rail-owned water lines should not be applied in the oversea trade. The railroads terminating at Savannah or Charleston could jointly operate a steamship service to Liverpool, one to Bremen, one to Antwerp, one to Genoa, one to Cuba, one to Japan, and wherever else they found a market for their products from the southeast. A similar group of lines would be operated from New Orleans, from the Virginia ports, from each of the North Atlantic ports and from our Pacific gateways to the trade of the Orient. Each such service would be the direct extension of a group of rail carriers, whose net-work of lines reaches every shipping point in the port's entire hinterland. Every local railroad agent would become a steamship representative capable

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of quoting through rates and giving through bills-of-lading.

The rail-owned steamship lines would enjoy the same superiority over rivals in the foreign trade which they enjoy in the domestic trade. It would require only a slight advantage in load, a slightly heavier cargo to carry, to enable the American steamer to take the same unit rates as its foreign-flag rivals, pay higher operating costs and yet make money.

It is being done just across our Canadian border. The Canadian Pacific Railway Company maintains freight and passenger services upon both oceans and carries a large and increasing proportion of Canada's foreign trade, to say nothing of a liberal slice of our own. A few years ago the Canadian Pacific absorbed the Allan Line with its British and French services from Montreal. The Canadian Pacific boats at Montreal are the first to fill with freight and passengers. It is profitable business for the Canadian Pacific. It is profitable business for Canada, for it carries her goods and her prestige through the whole commercial world.

The worth of the Canadian Pacific Lines to Canada is greater than the mere commercial service they render. These lines are a dominating influence at the conferences or ocean rate agreements affecting the Atlantic ports including Montreal. The Canadian Pacific is in a position to thwart any rate structure that would prejudice the movement of competitive freight through the port of Montreal. Most of the foreign lines serving Montreal have their major interests in New York. But for the Canadian Pacific ocean lines, it is conceivable that these foreign interests might so handle the ocean rates at Montreal as to effect a concentration of Canadian exports at New York. The Canadian Pacific's strength precludes any such attempt.

The Canadian government not only approves but encourages these Canadian oversea lines. It has spent scores of millions in building national ports at Montreal, St. John, Halifax. The Canadian railroads are all obligated to a rate structure that holds Canadian exports, so far as possible, to Canadian channels. Direct government subsidies are paid to the passenger services of the Canadian Pacific on both the Atlantic and Pacific. Canada has conceived a national transportation policy which includes the development of all-Canadian routes and the extension of these routes to Canada's overseas market.

Contrast the American policy. We pay not a penny in subsidy to any steamship line. Our railroads are regarded not as national transportation agents encouraged to extend their services to us, but as suspicious characters to be arrested and prosecuted if found outside their own backyards. Our attitude was typified by the enforced divorce of them from a great number of water lines which they had developed for the domestic trade. The Interstate Commerce Commission ordered all rail carriers save the Grand Trunk (which is Canadian) to give up their package freight carriers serving our American ports on the Great Lakes. The railroad steamers were promptly bought up by the Great Lakes Transit Corporation, a practical monopoly, which has largely restricted the former rates and services which the boats gave. In the meantime the Canadian Pacific and the Grand Trunk continued to develop their routes between the Canadian Great Lakes ports.

The chief railroad ocean lines we possessed on the Pacific were driven off the seas by governmental persecution: the services of the Great Northern and the Southern Pacific railroads. The student of commercial history knows that these railroads and their ocean lines were largely responsible for the growth of our trade with the Orient. In the first decade of this century they performed the most intelligent feat of trade development that this country has known. Their carriers were the fleet of the Southern Pacific's Pacific Mail Steamship Company, and the steamers Dakota and Minnesota of the Great Northern, each 28,000 tons, the largest ocean freight carriers of their day. The roads were driven to abandon their ocean services by a series of measures directed against them. It began with the Hepburn act's provision that export proportionals must be published and maintained, which removed the necessary flexibility from the through rates. The last straw was the passage of the Panama Canal act forbidding railroad lines to operate through the Canal.

The Southern Pacific knew that when the Canal opened it would be necessary to extend to New York the trans-Pacific service of the Pacific Mail. So it planned to build four new vessels of 37,000 tons each, larger than the Mauretania and the Lusitania. These and its existing fleet were to be operated from the Orient to San Francisco, thence to New York. It was figured that the cargo space made empty at San Francisco could be filled with coastwise traffic from San Francisco to New York. This coastwise traffic must be carried by American vessels and hence would not be available to the heavily subsidized Japanese lines which were the Pacific Mail's competitors. It would be an American traffic advantage to offset a foreign subsidy.

The Pacific Coast interests would not have it. They insisted that the proposition was designed to head off the prospective independent coast-to-coast

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water services which were to enter into competition with transcontinental rail carriers. It was in vain that the Southern Pacific agreed to submit to any desired regulation of rates on its coast-to-coast water traffic. So the Panama Canal act was framed to forbid railroad-owned lines to go through the Canal in services that did or might compete with their rail lines. This hit the Southern Pacific's plans. So the Pacific Mail, forbidden the coastwise traffic which would have offset the Japanese subsidy, withdrew its orders for the four 37,000-ton ships and shortly afterwards dissolved. Its steamers were sold, the largest being bought by the Japanese.

The sequel is interesting. The independent water lines were established. The European war came. Independents asserted their independence by deserting the coast-to-coast route for oversea services where they could earn more money. Rail rates to the Pacific Coast had been lower than to intermediate territory because of water competition. This competition being removed, the coast-to-coast rates have been raised to the level of rates to intermediate territory. The cost to the Pacific Coast has been enormous. The Southern Pacific coast-to-coast line would have protected the rail rate structure.

We have been a Young-Man-Afraid-of-His-Horse. The railroads are ours to use. They give us today only a portion of the service they can render. It is time to set them free to work for us, to take off all prohibitions against their extending themselves on the water. Encourage them to go abroad and get business for us. Bring forward a plan whereby railroads jointly purchasing Shipping Board vessels shall have the most liberal deferred payment conditions. Herein the Shipping Board has its chance to sell its vessels to Americans who can afford to operate them. Herein the American shipper has his chance to be freed of the hocus-pocus, the mystery, the uncertainty that invests foreign shipments. With rail lines thus extended abroad it is not difficult to imagine tariffs with through rates from American interior points to all points of destination, tariffs as simple as those in domestic traffic. Through bills-of-lading would be the rule. Rates would include marine insurance. The division of responsibility now burdening export shipments would disappear. Men could take their freight to the local stations and ship it to Buenos Aires as they now ship it to New York.

A handicap to our export trade has been the influence of ocean rate conferences, dominated by foreign shipping lines and discriminating against the American exporter. It has been extremely difficult for our government to control these conferences. Our control over the rates and services of railroad-owned steamship lines would be perfect. They would dominate the international conferences.

All this would be obtained simply by the admission of a principle which has proven sound in domestic traffic and which a Canadian railroad has proven sound on oversea routes. It means removing the barriers that hold the best of our transportation genius from extending its operations beyond the water's edge. It means thinking in terms of an American transportation system, its elements coordinated into a harmonious effective whole.

EDWIN J. CLAPP.

Night Thoughts in Paris: A Rhapsody

HERE one no longer has the heart to cheer for a new battle: this gentle and gracious land is the scene of too many defeats. Who can think seriously of taking up arms to crusade for an old truth? In France all the truths are old and are therefore banalities and platitudes. Though they be the bringers of life itself, they have lost too many times. One grows sophisticated about truths that seem never to change the face of life. The most they can do has been done—and left still the ruin of the battlefield, the people ignorant and starved, the sharpers always in power.—They pay dear for their manners and beauty; their heirlooms oppress them like a load. The dry, tempered fields of Champagne, ploughed over with so many conflicts, the dense gray façades of Paris with their seriousness and their richness, with their inlaid acanthus-topped columns of a faded and abolished magnificence, the yellow long-windowed châteaux sunk deep in the countryside, all these are a part of the burden that these people must always drag with them, of the all-dominating mountain in whose shadow they must always live.

No wonder Futurism was born in Italy, where the weight of the past lies heaviest—where the young man, opening his eyes, looking out for new fabrics and forms, is confronted with a monstrous mirror, wrought elaborately of Venetian silver, which floridly reflects in turn the forms of the ancient world. No wonder he smashes the mirror, refusing to copy a copy. No wonder he would blast a soil overlaid and smothered with richness, where no new little weed can pierce through the gorgeousness of crops long dead. At least, he thinks, a locomotive has no nonsense of culture about it—it is swift, it is accurate, it is powerful, it makes men swifter and more powerful, and all this it does without having learned what Lorenzo

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learned from Politian, what Politian learned from Plato, what Plato learned from Parmenides; it feels under no obligation to look like a cathedral; it is not compelled, through veneration, to measure its whistle by Bach. What a vital and care-free creature a locomotive appears! It is as indifferent and destructive to tradition as one would like, oneself, to be. Can one do better than to imitate its shafts, its wheels, its angles, its shrieks and its grinding?

But *I* can scarcely adore the locomotive. I know it all too well. Machines are not novelties to me, as they are to Signor Marinetti. I come from the land of machines and have been bored to death by too many of them. Why then—like Signor Marinetti, turning in impatience from Europe—do I dream of my native America as of something beautiful and free? America, as everyone knows, is not especially beautiful or free. We live and build without taste; our towns are like rubbish-heaps; we abjectly suffer to be stifled; we have not even our original rights; we are a people all alike, uniformly mediocre. When I shall see New York again, like a blank and barren mountain, between the hard steel-gray of the water and the hard steel-gray of the sky—when I see even the black and white planes, stiffly plumed with smoke, become pitilessly distinct in the raw October light; the docks raying out like cogs; the National Biscuit Company—what high excitement will lift my heart as if before the curtain of a drama?. . .

It is a drama which derives its force from the odds against the hero. It is precisely the barbarity of the background which gives dignity to those who struggle against it. The very fact that their enlightenment is so awkward and so uncertain only makes our poets and saints more heroic figures: what bitter and terrific cost for a few commonplaces! They have all the world against them as far as their eyes can reach; they get no support from their kindred or from their predecessors. They come to consciousness and sometimes perish in a consciousnessless sea. In Europe there are certain feats which have already been accomplished: beauty has come to be recognized; ideas are understood. But in America, as yet, all this is still to do. On the continent, having won these things, men have grown indifferent to them: familiar with all ideas, they no longer receive them as revelations; long skilful at works of art, they have finally become tired of them and, contemptuous of perfection, because everyone has learned the trick, they turn with feverish zest to the clumsy, the strident and the crude. But in America, the humblest harmony is still an incredible dream. Among us, even a decent novel takes on the air of a miracle. In that prosperous, unphilosophical world of commerce and manufacture, a suggestion that any other aim may concern a serious man seems fanciful and absurd, completely out of touch with reality—to behold such a purpose arise and assert itself against reality—to become a reality itself—makes one catch one's breath with wonder, as if it were a story-book come true. To hear authentic fancies and ideas clothe themselves in our barbarous tongue—in that sprawling, square-syllabled speech where the words seem to lie like frame-houses strewn loosely and colorlessly on the unfenced outskirts of a town—which seems fit only for a prosaic trade and a plebeian extravagance and irony—is like seeing old pieces of string woven into a firm fabric. The struggle of reason and art takes on Promethean proportions. It has almost the thrill of the revival of learning at the end of the Middle Ages: a new kind of darkness has whelmed mankind and again they must fight to the surface. As Plato came to the ignorance of Europe, so Bernard Shaw comes to us! Felix Fays and Carol Kennicotts, reading Man and Superman in remote farms and dreary towns of the vast desert of the West, seem to hear a terrible voice that wakes them with words of fire. It exhorts them to be up, to learn how to think and live, to cast off their locust-shells for the flaming garb of the divine! But they can never stand free in that dress; they must bear their shells always with them. At most, they may chirp a little, move faintly their atrophied wings.

When I think of Greenwich Village, it is almost with tears. For there this battered battalion dress their guns against a whole nation. Where the traffic, gnashing iron teeth, no longer oppresses the pavement, where the toned red bricks of low houses still front an open square, where the soft moans and hoots of the shipping wash the island from either shore, from the darkest corners of the country they have fled for comfort and asylum. You may think them feeble and ridiculous—but feebleness is always relative. It may require as much force of character and as much independent thought for one of these to leave his Kansas home and espouse the opinions of Freud as for Wagner to achieve new harmonies or Einstein to conceive a finite universe. The thought of them makes me respond with a sharp gust of sympathy, precisely because they *are* ridiculous and yet stand for something noble. And one is touched by something like reverence when one finds among this strange indifferent people, to whom the rest of the world is a newspaper story, history a tedious legend and abstract thought a form of insanity, a man who really knows on what stage he is playing, for what drama

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he has been cast. By his realization he makes us realize, too, for what drama our setting is the setting: for the drama of humanity, in a sense, no setting can be trivial or mean. Gopher Prairie itself, in all its ludicrousness and futility, when the human spirit rears itself there, has its importance and its dignity.

And now that a breach has been made what a flood might sweep off the dam!—what a thundering torrent of energy, of enthusiasm, of life! Things are always beginning in America; we are always on the verge of great adventures. History seems to lie before us instead of behind. Intoxicated with the sun, we perform wildly the dismalest tasks. We are driven by the pressure of energy as if by an exalting purpose to the accomplishment of gigantic labors without importance or point. To think even of the stupidest and vulgarest of our national occupations—of our movies, our manufacturing and our hideous advertisements—is to be infected with a sort of exhilaration at their very momentum and bulk. Shall we always, like Niagara Falls, go on crashing down our cataract with the sole result that, as a by-product, we manufacture breakfast-food?—No! Voice is added to voice. The opposition is rising. The first barrage has been fired; already the ramparts quake! Our enemy offers huger bulk than the enemy in Europe, but he is much less firmly rooted. Two generations might rout him. To arms then! Let me return; I shall not cease from mental fight nor shall my sword rest in my hand till intolerance has been stricken from the laws, till the time-clock has been beaten to a punch-bowl!

—Here in Paris, as I lie in bed and hear the brief whistle of locomotives, I think of hospital-trains in the Vosges unloading in the thin gray dawn, of characters in Henry James crossing to Lucerne or Venice, of de Maupassant travelling to Cannes, of Verlaine on the road to Brussels, of Voltaire fleeing down from Prussia embroiled at his Frankfort inn, of Charles VIII descending on Italy, of Dante coming up to Paris, of Saint Louis on his doomed crusade, of Charlemagne lost in the Pyrenees—old wanderings, old agonies, old battles, that have worn the old highways to grooves, that have scarred and made venerable the land with the marks of their noble disasters.—In my bed in New Jersey I shall lie and hear prolonged more thrilling shouts, the wild distant wailing of the trains that rush swift and far across the country—to New York, to Baltimore, to Richmond; to Chicago, to Galveston, to Detroit; to Seattle and San Francisco; to Halifax and Mexico City. They bring no echoes of famous poetry; their cities have no names of distinction. They scotch a wake of soot and smoke through a land already sooty and smoky, over low interminable prairies, through a scattered and unwieldy world. But where there is a petulance and a sadness in the piping of the French engines, I shall hear in the American ones an eagerness and a zest: they have elbow-room here for their racing; they can drive on as far as they like; they have an unknown country to explore, a country that no one has ever heard of.—What sort of men are these who live in nameless towns? At a distance, they seem neither intelligent nor colorful nor fine—scarcely members of the same race as the beings who have built civilization. But I know that in the wide spaces of that wilderness, in the life of that loose abundant world, for all the reign of mediocrity and the tyranny of intolerance, there is a new freshness and freedom to be brought to the function of mankind—the function which, in the long run, we shall never be able to get out of: staring out in wonder and dismay at the mysterious shapes of the world, either to ask ourselves what laws move them or, combining those shapes anew, to make shift to create a nobler world in which our souls may find a home.

EDMUND WILSON, JR.

Girls—And Then Some

THERE is an age when, like Columbus, a boy discovers the other hemisphere. Before that date he is the whole earth. After he reaches manhood he usually becomes so again. But for a brief period in his teens his compass seems to point primarily to the other sex.

In this respect, we thought my nephew Billy would be different from other boys. His scornful attitude toward "skirts" led us to believe that the girl age would be postponed until senior year at college, when he would differentiate some old playmate from the mass of femininity and drift gently into romance. Billy is fifteen, the age when legs are in the way and long trousers seem too long and short pants too short. He cherishes khaki flannel shirts and old felt hats and keeps his hair in a bristly mop except on state occasions when by the lavish application of water he manages to soak it down to a chastened plaster. That is, Billy was that sort of boy, until he discovered the world of girls, all in a heap, you might say.

Only a few weeks before he was perpetually with Sculpin, which gentle name he had coined to describe his chum's generous mouth and consuming appetite. Sculpin and Billy saw nothing and no one but themselves. The world was a series of

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electric batteries, Ford parts, screw drivers, rusty bolts and other mechanical jimcracks. One day, after school, Sculpin did not turn up at the drafty shed which served as machine shop, chemical laboratory, research department and general headquarters. Billy loafed around for many weary minutes, pounding on the front step with the handle of a hammer. A full quarter of a century was consumed during the next dull hour.

Suddenly he heard the whir of an automobile, and then, whizzing down the street he saw Sculpin, grinning self-consciously from the seat of a large touring car. The machine, moreover, was driven by Patty Pierce, a girl they had both known in the distant way of planets that pass in the same universe. Billy rose quickly. His eye followed the swiftly moving car with a look of utter amazement. Had his friend gone by with the ghost of Queen Victoria, more wonder could not have come upon him. Sculpin riding with a girl, Gee!

Like a whirlwind, the car sped to the corner, gyrated dizzily as if to empty its occupants upon the curb, and returned. It stopped abruptly in front of the shed, purring jerkily beneath the touch of Patty's foot on the accelerator. Sculpin climbed into the back seat where Billy noted Doris James, a girl he had also observed as one living in a distant sphere.

"Get in," Patty Pierce commanded Billy. "We're all going to Griffanti's for soda."

"Aren't cher going ter fix our engine?" he stammered, glancing helplessly at Sculpin as he mechanically obeyed.

Patty sniffed and answered for him. "No'p. He's put up his blocks. We're in a hurry. Going to the movies, after."

That night, Billy was late for dinner. It was a habit of his, but this time, instead of loudly spoken excuses which began at the front door, trailed up to the bathroom while a first layer of grime was removed and then approached the dining room in steady crescendo, he came in silently. He looked a little sheepish and seemed still dazed. The quiet was sufficiently unusual to bring his father's eye from the carving in quizzical inquiry. But his father, also, said nothing, being an understanding man. Billy's mother, quite unaware that her son had crossed his first ocean, served him as usual, asking numerous questions about the day's activities.

From time to time, Billy glanced furtively at his father, wondering if he had ever in his youth had such a dazzling experience as whirling through the streets, in a six cylinder Packard, with Patty Pierce at the wheel. He stared surreptitiously at his mother. She was familiar enough, but now, as an inhabitant of the other hemisphere, she seemed curiously different. He watched her hands. They were soft and he doubted if they could guide the wheel of a car, going at fifty miles an hour. After dinner, Billy retired to the hammock on the porch, where he remained in meditation. He wondered why he had hated dancing school so fiercely, why he had wished that all love scenes could be cut from moving pictures, why, in short, he had been so very supercilious about associating with the other sex. Patty Pierce, he decided, was all to the good. He liked her. She certainly was a brilliant little creature with her sparkling brown eyes and red cheeks and the scarlet Tam-o-Shanter and that vast expanse of tan silk stockings.

There was no school, Saturday, the next day, and Billy slept late. That is, he expected to do so. About half-past eight, however, the telephone rang. Billy's mother answered and was utterly astonished to hear a girl's voice, asking for her son. It was Patty Pierce.

"He's asleep," said Mrs. Wade.

"Wake him up," ordered Patty. "We're all going out to the Brookside Country Club. He'll be sorry if he isn't in it."

Too greatly dazed to reason why, Billy's mother obeyed. When he rather sleepily reached the telephone, she was flabbergasted to hear him accept with gleeful excitement, invitations that seemed to include breakfast, luncheon and dinner. Until that moment she had regarded him as a small boy who fled from girls as from a pestilence. After he put back the receiver he kissed her rather vehemently as he explained that Sculpin and the girls were going to practice golf at Mr. Pierce's club.

Billy's discovery of how the other half lives was rapid and complete. Patty Pierce took entire possession of him. Her father was rich and her mother was busy with social duties so Patty led a free life, with her own automobile and an apparently inexhaustible supply of spending money. Billy and Sculpin spent their modest allowances, early in the week, but despite generous intentions their combined offerings were a mere drop in the well. Patty kept her little court in a style that overpowered and bewildered Billy's parents. There was never a dull moment for any of them. When Billy was not in Patty's car, he was to be found talking with her at the telephone.

The queer thing about the affair, if such it could be called, was the relegation of sentiment, if there was any, to odd moments. In magazine stories and plays, the age of calf-love is depicted as one of sickish sentimentality. The stricken youth lives in a maze of adoration and stammers, palpitates and turns pale as the occasion demands. If Billy

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had any such gamut of emotions with regard to Patty, he managed it discreetly on the side. Sculpin and Doris and Billy and Patty were in perpetual motion, a sort of high-power gang, concentrated whole-heartedly upon pleasure. They drove endlessly, ate enormously at expensive places, chosen by Patty, went to moving pictures, ball games, pleasure parks and seaside resorts. They seemed to be always in a hurry to go somewhere and as soon as they arrived to go somewhere else.

Billy's mother rallied sufficiently to protest. "You are too young, and I shouldn't think you would like to have a girl running after you and spending money on you. It really isn't nice. When I was—"

Billy assumed a patient manner. "You don't understand, Mother. It's different, now. If a girl was like you say you were, just waiting around for something to happen to her, nobody'd hunt her up, you know."

"But Patty Pierce runs after you. She's sort of bold."

"It isn't bold." Billy hunted for simple words that his mother could comprehend. "Don't you see, this business of girls primping all up and hanging around the house—that's all gone out. What's the use of having a telephone? The girls that sit around and wait—they just sit. A fellow likes pep. That's it. Pep. Of course, if she's a Christian Endeavor, she may suit you and Pop, but—"

He shook his head emphatically. "No. A girl's got to have pep. It's the girl that knows how to give a boy a good time—treat 'em right, you know."

"But you can't respect a girl like Patty Pierce. She lets the boys kiss her. Sculpin's mother told me that Patty didn't consider it a good time unless at least two boys had kissed her."

Billy's gesture was lordly. "That doesn't mean anything. Just petting parties, you know. Of course, a girl could be stiff, and all that—but she'd have a darn slow time."

Billy's mother remained unconvinced. "If you were boys and girls living on the Bowery—but in Brookline—and all brought up well. When your father and I were young it was very different. We walked together and we read, and we talked about books and what was happening in the world. Don't young people ever converse, any more?"

Billy wrinkled his face in thought. "Not much. I talked to a girl once about President Harding—but she was old—twenty, I guess."

We held many family consultations about Billy's sudden excursion into the world of girls, particularly his annexation by Patty Pierce. His father regarded it as a passing sickness from which he would recover as he had from measles, mumps and even scarlet fever. His idea was to let the disease take its course.

"It's all right as long as Billy keeps us posted. It's only making it clandestine, that's dangerous."

"But you don't realize," said Billy's mother, "that he's entirely changed. He was such a real boy, and now, he does all the things you read about in the magazines—jazz, joy rides—He's like the flappers they tell about, only he's a boy flapper. We shall never get him through High School if this keeps up. He never studies. He says Patty Pierce's father is going to hire a tutor to fill them all up before examinations."

Billy's father saw no way to dam the tide of his son's activities. "He's too big to spank, you know. And I don't believe restraint would work on this younger generation. Patty isn't really as vociferous as you think. She takes direct action, for pleasure, that's all."

"William Wade, you are easy going," pursued Billy's mother. "I hadn't planned to tell you, but you don't seem to realize it isn't as simple as you think. I found out, the other day, that—that—they drink sometimes! Not much, you know, but it's supposed to be clever, since prohibition. I heard Billy bragging to Sculpin about Patty's cousin from Kentucky. She stole a bottle of brandy from her father's wine closet, and she carries it around in her stocking—she treats them with it!"

As usual, the conference ended in a deadlock. Nobody seems to know what to do about the younger generation, except to be rather shocked and pained. So much has been said, so much written, that boys and girls are fully aware that they are a problem, and they enjoy the rôle. The "flapper" of fiction, plays, movies and newspapers offers a vivid pattern of modern young life and creates a certain bravado and the necessity for living up to current opinion.

The question is, are young people really what we think they are or are we crystallized and old-fashioned? No matter what the locality: a Boston suburb, a small town, New York, Chicago or San Francisco, there is no doubt that boys and girls have a freedom and a frankness which their elders never experienced. They pursue pleasure with an ardor that leaves the more recently emerged Puritans of an older generation astonished and aghast. But is it really any worse than the codified and conventionalized social life which was broken through clandestinely or suppressed to the point which has made it necessary for modern psychologists to establish clinics for the restoration of individuality?

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Patty Pierce is a flaming rose and she does not waste her sweetness in any desert, but in her hopes and desires, in her inner self is she essentially different from the erstwhile modest violet of our mothers and grandmothers? Or were they tucked away in hiding, praying for pursuit because they didn't dare to break through? One wonders whether the outspoken candor of young people nowadays, their frank comradeship, the equality with which they give and take, is only the first exuberance of a new and more honest attitude toward life or if Patty Pierce and Billy are actually symbols of unregenerate youth.

FLORENCE GUY WOOLSTON.

Back to Creation

Back to Methuselah, the first three scenes, by George Bernard Shaw. The Garrick Theatre, February 7, 1922.

THAT third scene of Back to Methuselah where the Brothers Barnabas argue their doctrine of creative will and length of life with the two statesmen, was easy enough to place. It was the same Shaw, with his argument, his infectious animation of words, his way of being now in earnest and now posing a little; the same Shavian social comedy, delightful, insistent, witty, insolent, eloquent, overlong, tiresome before it is over, but better after all than anything else of its kind. And the production of this scene at the Garrick, with Mr. Kaye's keen and fluent Lloyd George, showed the same intelligent and even hand that gave us The Madras House at the Neighborhood Playhouse earlier in the season. But in the first two scenes of the play I was curiously conscious most of the time of something retributive about it all. The mingled success and failure of these scenes seemed to me to sum up and to pay out on him with a peculiar balance and finality Bernard Shaw's longstanding attitude toward his art.

Certainly any good reading of Shaw's plays or of his more than vigorous defences of himself, will lead one to the conclusion that, whatever else he may know better than any man alive, Shaw has never understood the infectious and creative power of sheer beauty. The truth is, all too often he has shied at that power like some witty but nervous Puritan who thinks of all beauty as undesirable seduction. And there is another thing that Shaw has never seemed to know. Which is this: great form in art is not a showing off, a strutting rodomontade of puffed-up vanity and nonsense; it is, on the contrary, the natural and inevitable result of carrying the quality of a thing to its ultimate essence. Great form in art is a consummation, an immortalizing of the matter. It is the duty that the soul feels under the highest excitement to render this excitement in terms of its last perfection and almost abstract finality. Form in art is nothing to be shy about, or to mistrust as a kind of exhibitionism. It is natural and inevitable wherever life is driven to perpetuate itself and to separate what it wills to be its incorruptible and pristine part from the incidental and corruptible. This Shaw has never quite believed. He will not believe that form alone, over and above its literal contents, though sublimated from them, is in itself a mode of speech.

And precisely as Shaw has mistrusted the inevitability of art, he has ignored the inexorability of it. You know that if occasion demands he will sacrifice the quality of a scene to carry a point that he wishes to impress; that he will insist beyond all tact and taste; and that he will repeat and underscore until no doubt remains that the simplest soul in the house has caught the idea, though at every expense of the play's good taste and proportion. But for this mistrust and this obstinacy—which are really kinds of egotism—art, which is long, takes its revenge, exactly as nature, which is the basis of art, will do when we flout her; and such insistence, wilfulness and indulgence as Shaw's and such drum and trumpet and Hyde Park methods as he sometimes uses to carry his ends, come high at the final reckoning. Already many of Shaw's plays, because he insisted on overstressing his idea or hobby at the expense of artistic invention and the pure drama of them, are as dead as doornails. So that now with its decline in power and brilliance but not in zeal or combativeness, this last play of his, or the first two scenes at least, seem to afford an illustration of what are some of the artistic defects and vagaries that accompany Shaw's great gifts.

These two opening scenes in Back to Methuselah have something in them that their author is plainly bent on saying—his old idea of the Life Force it is in fact, the inner creative will to live and to evolve new and better forms of life—but they never seem able to find for themselves a body. They do not find a form in which to come alive; nor a vital and simplifying rhythm or pattern. They remain essentially uncreated, however diverting or tedious their main drift may be.

The first scene begins with Adam and Eve before the tree, and carries their groping thoughts along through the ideas of death and birth and will-power and sin to the love that will bring new beings into the world. For this the setting, very much stylized, was a luminous tree at the back of a semi-circle of steps. On these steps the action took place. Miss Lewisohn and Miss Morgan in producing this scene had taken great pains, it was clear, to centre these two human figures around that central passion of life beginning, that source of knowledge and revelation. But though they managed to force on it something more unified and plastic than it possessed, the whole scene as Shaw wrote it scattered around in a kind of poetic, argumentative, witty, dogmatic exegesis, with now a flash of imagination, now biological prose and now rather cheap humor. In the course of which Adam and Eve worked hard for their creator: "What is hope?" they asked stalely enough "What is a vow?" "What is wicked?" "What is damned?" like the end-man in a minstrel show, before the answer is sprung. Eve—Miss Lascelles—was at least good enough. Certainly her voice, which in its present usage appears at times to be about to bellow at us, is not badly suited to the surprises of Eden. Mr. George Gaul's Adam had less imagination than his lines even. And they both lacked style. But it is ungrateful to criticize the interpreters of something that the author himself has not seen in imaginative terms.

The second scene is better; and Miss Lascelles, with her fine sense of scorn and old patience and passion for reality, takes a long stride forward. The scene opens with Adam digging in the ground and Eve near by grinding corn. Cain —Mr. Dennis King and so impossible that one wishes him in Abel's shoes or out on the hills with Enoch—comes to pay his father and mother a visit. He is Shaw's old-time victim, the military man, come obligingly back now all over again to make a fool of himself, to boast, and to give our first parents a chance to say diverting and sometimes stirring things. But it is to Eve, to the woman from whose body is to be created the future race of men, that the one really compelling motif in the whole scene belongs: her

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dream of what creation in the widest sense will come to mean.

There is still hope, she says, of the coming true of your dreams and mine. Of better things. There will be men who can remember their dreams, who can dream without sleeping. They may not have will enough to create instead of dreaming, but the serpent said that every dream could be willed into a creation by those strong enough to believe in it. There have come those who bind reeds together, making lovely patterns of sound and raising her soul to things for which she has no words. And those who make forms of clay; those who think in numbers; those who watch the sky at night and give names to the stars. And Tubal who made the wheel for her and saved her so much labor. And Enoch who walks on the hills and hears the Voice continually, and has given up his will to do the will of the Voice, and has some of the Voice's greatness. When such as these come to her there is not the weariness of hearing over and over again the same old idle stories of children and of pride, but always some new wonder, or some new hope; something to live for. They never want to die because they are always learning and always creating either things or wisdom, or at least dreaming of them.

This magnificent motif of the woman and mother, the giver of life, the prophetic and creative force, lends unity to the whole event. But this motif has to emerge, it must be said, from a vast quantity of talk; and it must be said, too, that what does most to establish in our imaginations its moving eloquence is not the dramatist's control of the scene but Mr. Simonson's design for it:

At the back a dun stretch of cloud, shutting down upon a low vista of evening light, faintly golden and crimson. On the ground, rocks, each one of them a few hard, flat angular surfaces, lying about everywhere and shutting the paths in. At the sides the foolish, crude hurdles that the man has made of wood. Adam leans and digs in the ground. Eve—in heavier clothing than the directions call for, and not at her wheel—sits to one side among the rocks, moving the slow pestle around the mortar. Her still and ancient figure sits there, the heavy folds of her mantle running from her head down to the ground, like a sibyl's; the mass of it is the color of the stone in the mortar where she grinds her sons' bread. And what gives that sudden beautiful power to her words is the unity of her figure with that hard and enduring world about her; the unity of her life and thoughts with those rocks that are like the first crystals to be achieved in nature, and with that angularity of sky above them; a world that has willed and labored and cleaved and strained its way and come at last to beginnings of idea and form.

STARK YOUNG.

Somewhere a Lonely Bird

Somewhere a lonely bird makes incoherence lovelier
Than song of knitted gold:
O I have never heard
Slim water beating in white-birch thicket
Or deftly-syllabled sin[illegible] bird
So frail, so fugitive, controlled!

I will not speak, no[illegible] the shadow of my listening
Affront your loneline[illegible]
Let me the rather go
To mine, the agony of stammered words
Your wild dark throat can hardly guess,
Your wild dark music never, never know.

JOSEPH AUSLANDER.

Daniel H. Burnham

Daniel H. Burnham, Architect; Planner of Cities, by Charles Moore. Boston: Houghton and Mifflin Co. $20.

THE rise and progress of American architecture during the last half-century constitute a study of exceeding interest, by reason both of the circumstances and the personalities which it brings into view. One does not have to be very old to remember a time when our architecture was a subject of not unmerited derision and even contempt in the eyes of competent critics, both at home and abroad. The upward movement, which began to assume importance in the years following the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia in 1876, was largely due to a comparatively small number of men of remarkable ability and force of character, comprising among others, such names as the Upjohns, father and son, Thomas U. Walter, James Renwick, Henry Hobson Richardson, Richard M. Hunt, and Peter B. Wight, who is still living, the Dean of American architects today. All of these men were concerned in the earlier part of the movement of revival and rehabilitation of their art after the artistically dark days of the mid-century period. A later group of men of equal distinction, building upon the foundations laid by these pioneers, several of this group having been pupils of the elder men and younger contemporaries of their later years, carried on the work of architectural reform and lived to develop American architecture into the splendid and vital art which today elicits the admiration of foreign critics and sometimes their enthusiastic praise.

As the first period of revival, though it did not begin with the Philadelphia Centennial, was greatly helped and stimulated by it, so the second period was in like manner marked by the tremendously stimulating influence of the Columbian World's Fair at Chicago in 1893. Two of the most conspicuous names in this later phase of the upward movement are those of Charles F. McKim and Daniel H. Burnham, intimate friends and associates in many important enterprises, and of neither could the life-work be recounted without frequent mention of the other. Of these two, McKim was preëminently the artist, the man of polished culture, of exquisite taste; Burnham the man of action, of big views, practical and forceful, lacking the advantages of a university education and of foreign travel and study in his formative years, but possessed of rare judgment, strong initiative, a keen appreciation of the abilities of others and a remarkable capacity for assimilating the influences of his later travels and associations. His practice from insignificant beginnings developed into what was probably the largest in the United States; the list of the buildings designed by him and the successive firms of which he was the senior and directing member, is astonishingly long, and represents an accomplishment in the number, variety, cost and importance of buildings erected, greater than that of any other American office, unless it be possibly that of McKim, Mead and White. Until the later years of his career Burnham's greatest contribution to American architecture was in the field of commercial buildings, chiefly though not exclusively at Chicago; during the later years his greatest service was in the field of great collaborative enterprises and city-planning.

Of certain phases of the career of this really extraordinary man Mr. Charles Moore of Washington has presented an interesting picture and record in two

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handsome volumes under the title Daniel H. Burnham, Architect, Planner of Cities. The first three chapters treat fully of his ancestry, briefly of his youth and the early practice of his profession. By far the greater part of the remaining twenty-three chapters is devoted to his great civic and collaborative enterprises, beginning with the Columbian Fair at Chicago in 1893. The impression one derives from the record as here presented is that of a very moderate and ordinary accomplishment outside of these greater enterprises. The story of his office practice in general and of the stages by which he rose, without academic training, with little inspiration from foreign travel until his later years, from the position of a successful but by no means notably conspicuous architect to that of a leader in his profession—this would doubtless have been a most interesting and enlightening story; but of all this there is only the barest suggestion in these pages.

As a matter of fact, Burnham's general practice was remarkably extensive and varied, and forms by itself an important chapter in the history of the evolution of American architecture during the period of twenty years from 1890 to 1910. At the beginning of this period the condition of American architecture was one of promise rather than of achievement. With the death of Mr. H. H. Richardson in 1886 the "Richardsonian Romanesque" movement, from which some critics had hoped great results in the evolution of a new "American Style," had sunk into anaemia and final death. There had been, however, a notable awakening of artistic interest and a distinct advance in the national taste since 1876. Students had been flocking back from the ateliers of the Paris School of Fine Arts; several schools of architecture in the Eastern States were developing thoroughgoing systems of technical and artistic training and supplying the rapidly increasing demand for competent draftsmen, and business prosperity, expanding commerce and increasing population were calling for a great activity in building. The development of the elevator and of fireproof construction had made possible the erection of the first "skyscrapers" of nine or ten stories; Moore tells us that Burnham & Root's "Rookery" in Chicago was the first building to be called by that name. The invention of metallic-frame construction, the greatest single advance in the building-art since the day of the Gothic cathedrals, occurred in the first years of this twenty-year period. Burnham & Root's Masonic Temple at Chicago, of twenty-six stories, completed in 1891, was at that time the highest inhabited building in the world.

It was in that year that the Chicago Fair was born, an enterprise and an achievement which exercised a more powerful influence on American architecture than even the Philadelphia Exhibition of sixteen years earlier. For the first time millions of Americans beheld the splendors and learned the possibilities of monumental neo-classic architecture, of impressive buildings artistically grouped, of landscape art brought into the service of architecture, of the beauty of harmonious masses, and of the results of decorative painting and sculpture applied to the adornment of buildings and landscapes. It brought together in artistic collaboration the most distinguished architects of the East and Middle West. It afforded opportunities for monumental, free expression to architects who had studied the great historic monuments of their art and had in them something of the divine fire of a creative imagination. It lifted architecture out of its too narrow servitude to purely practical and commercial ends and revealed it as an art of inspiration and beauty. From this time on our architecture advanced rapidly alike in construction, planning and decoration; it took on a new dignity in the public estimation as an artistic profession and not a mere business, a branch of building or engineering. New names appeared of men who rose rapidly to distinction, and architects and firms that had long been honorably known advanced to positions of conspicuous leadership. The American Institute of Architects spread its chapters through the country and became increasingly influential in promoting high standards of design and practice. With the disappearance of the Richardsonian traditions of design the neo-classic or Renaissance styles came increasingly into favor for the more public and monumental classes of buildings, and in modified versions for commercial architecture as well, though for certain classes of ecclesiastic and educational edifices the Gothic styles were employed. Our own early architecture of the Colonial and early Republican periods began to be appreciated and studied and applied with success especially to domestic architecture.

In all this advance Mr. Burnham bore a notable part. The Columbian Fair was the agent of his artistic awakening and afforded the opportunity for the full exercise of his powers. While he designed none of its buildings, while the general scheme of its arrangement was due to his partner Root (who did not, however, live to see it carried out), and while the landscape design was the work of the great Olmsted, Burnham was really the controlling spirit of the whole. Mr. Moore has done rightly in emphasizing this chapter of Burnham's activity and life. But after the completion of this work and before his engagement in 1901 as a member of the Washington Park Improvement Commission, Burnham continued his general practice with increasing distinction and, recognized now as one of our foremost architects, was making his contribution to the advancement of American architecture, particularly in the field of commercial edifices. With the opening of the new century he entered on a new stage of his practice. Not only was he receiving commissions for an increasing proportion of buildings of great cost and importance, but his Columbian Fair experience was bearing fruit in his appointment on various civic park enterprises in Chicago and elsewhere, of which much the most important was that of the improvement of the park system of Washington. Other enterprises of similar character which occupied the later years of his life were the Civic Center for Cleveland; the replanning of San Francisco after the earthquake; the replanning of Manila and Baguio in the Philippines, and the great scheme for the improvement of Chicago. In the first two (Washington and Cleveland) he was associated with others; the last four were almost entirely his own work, except, of course, for the collaboration of assistants of his own choosing and under his direction. The conflicts and controversies which these enterprises involved with politicians and legislators destitute of any appreciation of art, as well as with diverse interests and honest differences of opinion and judgment, particularly in the Washington business in which he and McKim labored together with marvelous zeal and persist[illegible]; his collaboration with McKim and Millet for t[illegible]ablishment and financing of the American Academy [illegible]ing and his interest in the proposed cathedral at [illegible], are graphically set forth in Mr. Moore's pa[illegible] with [illegible]rnham lived to see the Washington plan accepted as [illegible] part carried out and the Chicago and Manila plans w[illegible] on their way to complete realization.

Mr. Moore's account of that phase of Burnham's life which was concerned in these great public enterprises is

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full, sympathetic and thoroughly documented. Mr. Moore's service as secretary to Senator McMillan, chairman of the Senate Committee on the District of Columbia, then as clerk of that committee and later as a member and finally chairman of the National Fine Arts Commission, brought him for a period of eleven years into close association with Mr. Burnham, and qualified him preëminently to describe the life and activities of the man with whom he was so intimately associated during those years. He paints a particularly engaging picture of Burnham's relations with several of his associates, particularly with McKim, whom he first learned to know in connection with the Chicago Fair; with F. D. Millet, Frederick Law Olmsted and Augustus St. Gaudens. McKim was his most intimate friend, and copious extracts from their correspondence and from Burnham's diaries attest the depth and warmth of their friendship. Burnham outlived them all. In May of 1912, only a few months after Millet's death in the ill-fated Titanic, he passed away at Heidelberg at the age of sixty-six, worn out by the intense activities of his later years.

It is to be regretted that, with so full a presentation of these later activities, Mr. Moore should have so lightly passed over the other phases of Burnham's life and career. There is little in these two volumes about Burnham the architect. That the author is not himself an architect does not excuse, though it probably explains, this fundamental defect of the book. There is no adequate discussion of Burnham's true rank and position among American architects and no effort at any critical estimate of his ability as a designer of buildings. One cons these pages in vain for any adequate explanation of the rise of this self-made architect to a foremost rank in the profession. Yet this is the most remarkable feature of his career. While nearly all his contemporaries who achieved distinction had been professionally trained in the great schools of architecture—many if not most of them in the Paris school—Burnham had never had even a thorough secondary education; he failed in his efforts to enter both Harvard and Yale. His training was purely American and wholly practical; yet he reached the topmost round of the ladder of architectural fame. How did he do it? Mr. Moore does not try to tell us. A part of the answer may be inferred from his pages; Burnham had a marvelous ability to absorb from others what he lacked by himself, and his remarkable judgment of men together with the fascination of his masterful personality enabled him to draw to himself precisely the sort of men whose influence was most stimulating and helpful. He never visited Europe untill 1896, when his taste and style were already matured.

If Mr. Moore had contented himself with fewer and briefer extracts from Burnham's correspondence and diaries he could have made room for some discussion of the topics suggested above and given us a much more complete portrait of the man and a better understanding of his life. He could have supplemented his own lack of a professional acquaintance with architecture by securing from competent authorities a critical estimate of Burnham's architectural work. What he was himself familiar with in his subject he has presented agreeably and well, keeping his own association with Burnham sufficiently in the background; what he was not familiar with seems to have interested him only superficially. The book is supplied with a copious and helpful index and a full and detailed Table of Contents. The press-work of the Riverside Press is excellent, as was to be expected, and the color-prints are remarkable for their delicacy and beauty. The reviewer has noted only a few typographical errors; Roach for Roche; Loredo for Lorado; Augustinian for Augustan (but this may have been a slip of Burnham's); Coronia for Caronia; Fountain for Fountains; and the reference in Vol. 1, p. 150, to George W. Breck as still living in New York; he died in 1919.

A. D. HAMLIN.

Five Books of Plays

Four Plays for Dancers, by W. B. Yeats. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.00.

Oliver Cromwell, by John Drinkwater. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Co. $1.50.

Six Short Plays, by John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Son. $1.25.

The Circle, by Somerset Maugham. New York: George H. Doran. $1.25.

The Tragedy of Nan, by John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.00.

GALSWORTHY'S six plays are unequal, mostly well intentioned and a little thin; the best of them, perhaps, is The Defeat and the better known Little Man, acted in New York by O. P. Heggie. Masefield's Tragedy of Nan seems to keep its appeal. For people of good taste it holds largely because of its story-telling gift, I think, and because of the Chaucer-like power of narrative and the biting, passionate human irony of the first half of it. In the last act, just as he does in The Widow in the Bye Street, Masefield drops into a Victorian sentimentality too often; Nan talks and Gaffer talks in a way that resembles some of Tennyson's worst ballads and is as sticky and as tearfully and consciously effective. But for people of no taste this sentimentality, perhaps, does as much as anything else to keep the play alive. None of this is any reason, however, for the publisher's presenting us The Tragedy of Nan in this impossible edition with tame photographs of scenery put inside the covers in a zigzag fashion as unbelievably Mid-Victorian as those Christmas cards of British royalty, with their banners and armor and merrie old England and Pears' soap little ones, continue to be.

John Drinkwater's Oliver Cromwell has a fine, straight, moving quality that lags, if at all, only in the scene before the battle, where the simplicity, as it was sometimes in Mr. Drinkwater's Lincoln, is carried almost into the nursery. It is really the story of the life of the author's ideal Englishman led against the exquisite background of his mother. The play begins and ends with this old mother of Cromwell's, her comments on affairs, her love of poetry and music, and her power in her son's thoughts. As history, or even as social criticism, you must, of course, take this piece of work with a handful of salt. This lofty atmosphere into which the Puritan qualities and ambitions are sublimated into perfect and complete piety, bravery, honesty, altruism, toleration and patriotism, is obviously no truer than a similar sublimation of all the Royalist qualities might be into taste, chivalry, liberality, honor and loyalty; and both such treatments taken too literally make up a sort of high-minded piffle. The real achievement of Mr. Drinkwater consists in this reduction of all his matter to a simplicity which is only infrequently forced and false. He has in his power the ballad technique, a rare and splendid one. And the main interest in his Oliver Cromwell is the technical. For after all, when all is said, the appeal of the play is the same as that found in many an old-fashioned ten twenty thirty: the fight for justice, the

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mother's love, the injustice of the rich and great, the simple piety of the people, and their hymns. But all this is lifted into a finer artistic plane by the technical manipulation that gives to this play a distinct existence as a piece of art, removes it from the actual, makes it clearly not life but a dramatic ballad of noble living elements.

It is precisely this presentational and artistic quality again that establishes Yeats' Four Plays for Dancers as the most distinguished, if not the most popular, of all these five books; and makes it, of all the very recent dramatic writing known to me, the work that looks forward most to the increasing trend in the theatre toward an art more purely presentational and more poetic. In these plays Yeats makes a clean sweep of all realistic pretense. He drops scenery and has two dancers—who are like a chorus in Greek more or less—unroll a cloth on which the scene is suggested. There is no stage; the plays are to be given in any drawing-room; the actors enter as frankly actors; and if necessary they may wear masks, as some of them in each play are required to do—anything that will leave no doubts that this is essentially a play, a work of art, and no attempt at illusions of reality. The stage directions refer constantly not to the character but to the actor presenting the character. The diction, the rhythm of the verses, the delivery, the movements of the dancers and actors, are arranged to carry with them the imprint of the imagination. Every care is taken that these plays should not be looked to as reproducing the accidental and actual in our experience; they are rather to exhibit the pattern by which art can express the separate and invisible life of the mind, which constantly sees in the actuality something that was not there before. These four plays illustrate literally and exactly Plato's definition of poetry and art as "a general name signifying every cause whereby anything proceeds from that which is not into that which is."

S. Y.

The Science of Phantasy

The Psychology of Phantasy, by Constance E. Long. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company. $3.00.

A PLEASANT feature of Dr. Long's book on psychoanalysis is the very human and unpathological view she takes of it. If one may judge from her illustrative material, the author has had more contact with school children, suffragettes, and good literature than with the hopelessly insane. Her human types are more congenial to the general reader than the usual clinical dissections. Meeting old friends like Charles Lamb, Edmund Gosse, and Samuel Butler in her pages, we conclude that hysteria is not limited to the outright mad and women but that eminent literary men may find in that condition the sources of their inspiration. This may or may not help to win adherents for the theories which Dr. Long expounds, but at any rate it is more diverting to read about the psychology of Nebuchadnezzar and Dr. Ethyl Smith than the psychology of some anonymous lunatic.

Most of the addresses which compose the book were delivered before audiences of teachers and other educational groups. As a medical officer of the London Education Board, Dr. Long has been closely associated with school children, teachers, and parents. Education in her hands is not a dessicated pedagogy but presents a human situation, not so very unlike marriage, in which personal relationships have to be worked out. The first requisite for these personal adjustments is to realize that "the unconscious is a part of our psychical life, and whether we like it or not, we are up against it in education as elsewhere." Education is not an adventure in pure reason. Neither teacher nor pupil is the emotionally dry-cleaned specimen which our educational system fondly assumes them to be. "Those teachers are most successful who have learned to deal with their own lives, and whose own main stream of energy is flowing easily and fully in a forward direction." This may sound as if Dr. Long were one of those psycho-analysts who believe that society is just beautifully and perfectly arranged for every normal soul. But she is not so uncritical. "The manner of life among women teachers does not promote freedom. . . . Only a very genuine sense of what belongs by right to their own natures enables teachers to stand up against the deadening influences of a life of crowded routine. . . . As in the case of the child, what we should lay stress upon is the fact that freedom should be possible. Hence we must not ignore or neglect the outward circumstances in the case of teacher or child, because life can be made too hard to bear, and many sensitive persons are crushed and sacrificed to the machinery."

A painful fact for parents is incidentally brought out. It is that children can fool adults more successfully than adults can fool them. Grown-ups have lost the ability to read the child intuitively as the child can read the adult. It is one of the inevitable handicaps of maturity. Parents and teachers may quiz, but, as Dr. Long points out, "It is useless to ask a child a direct question about things of importance to himself." The child, however, has a penetrating observation difficult to escape. It is one of his chief resources in the control of his environment. "He can make himself a great nuisance, or, on the other hand, so endearing that he temporarily manages his milieu." Parents and teachers might do well to recognize this and to lay aside that fatuous sense of superiority which often makes them so unequal in the combat.

Throughout the Psychology of Phantasy, we are frequently reminded of the psychological aspects of the modern woman problem. The author was for a long time president of the British Association of Medical Women; she was an outstanding figure of the International Conference of Women Physicians held in New York in 1919; and she has a sympathetic acquaintance with the Ballad of Fair Ladies in Revolt. An independent woman herself, she is not inclined to minimize the power of obstacles and the force of circumstance upon women's lives; but she is less concerned with the removal of outside handicaps than with the inward release of personality. The inside censorship is after all the hardest for women to get by. Dr. Long politely but firmly sets forth some of the hygienic evils of a dogmatic, masochistic morality. Of a patient whose life had been "one of perpetual sacrifice and devotion" until she lost the use of her legs, Dr. Long says, "In thinking thus of others, she avoids thinking of herself, and evades that greatest of all problems,—the acceptance of personal freedom and the necessity of learning to use it." Self-sacrifice, like aspirin, has been too widely advertised. Dr. Long would prescribe it only with discrimination. "We must not confuse repression and sacrifice in our ideas. Any unconscious and mechanical sacrifice is a repression; being human, we are unable in the last resort to escape sacrifice, it is inevitable in the course of adaptation. We must take care that it is consciously borne and ends as

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soon as it has served its purpose, never becoming automatic. There is no virtue in suffering for its own sake."

A ready willingness to recognize that all of us, including psycho-analysts, are only human, after all, marks the author's attitude. The controversy between the Swiss and Viennese schools of psycho-analysis is seen in the mitigating light of a philosophic temperament. Dr. Long is herself an adherent of the Swiss school of analytical psychology and definitely places herself in the camp of Dr. Carl Jung. But she is not doctrinaire. "I have pointed out certain major differences between the two schools, but in any case, those who write on psycho-analysis or analytical psychology will inevitably bring their own subjective views to bear when they attempt to explain psychological theories. However desirous we may be to assume the contrary, analysts and analytical writers, though presumably enlightened, are just as prone as others to the common human prejudices."

No one has so fully demonstrated the psychology of forgiveness as have the psycho-analysts. As they have taught us to interpret the emotions, the capacity for undying resentment and crystallized hatred is not a capacity but a handicap. Yet here we have the masters of the movement committing these psychological excesses against which they have specifically warned all the rest of us. To ask us to believe, as they do, that the barrier is a difference of opinion concerning the origin of the unconscious and the nature of psychic energy is to ask us to believe the impossible. Intellectual differences alone never separated anybody except as they borrowed strength from an emotional antagonism. See almost any page of Freud or Jung to this effect. Apparently Dr. Long is right; not even our master analysts are immune from the common human prejudices. No doubt the rest of us, being also only human, should not begrudge them their precious quarrel. But at the same time it serves to remind us how lucky we are that Socrates and Plato never quarrelled; otherwise the world would have lost one of its greatest treasures, the symposium on love.

KATHARINE ANTHONY.

Contributors

BERTRAND RUSSELL is the author of Proposed Roads to Freedom, and Bolshevism: Theory and Practice.

EDWIN J. CLAPP is a consulting economist in New York City, specializing in traffic reports. He is the author of Economic Aspects of the War, The Port of Boston, and Railway Traffic.

EDMUND WILSON, JR., was formerly on the editorial staff of Vanity Fair and later of the New Republic.

FLORENCE GUY WOOLSTON is a member of the editorial staff of the Russell Sage Foundation and an occasional contributor to the magazines.

A. D. HAMLIN is a member of the faculty of the School of Architecture, Columbia University. He is the author of A History of Ornament, Ancient and Mediaeval; A History of Architecture; and the author in collaboration of European and Japanese Gardens.

KATHARINE ANTHONY, formerly an instructor at Wellesley College, has been associated with the Russell Sage Foundation in research work. She is the author of Feminism in Germany and Scandinavia, and The Labor Laws of New York.

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